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Poetry (American

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BY

ERIC P. SCHULZE

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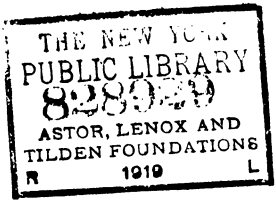

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INTRODUCTION

O! Love profoundest goodness,
Thou stiller knowest best
Beyond this planet's ladder
Thy smile is but to bless.
In Love I where perceived
And painly strifed the goal
In Love I found no grief
Thy life has made me whole.

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PREFACE

When Man becomes a writer
And Love is the dictator
That Life is inspiration
And God his only revelation.

When Man becomes a painter
Of naught but of his Maker
Unseen hand will guide his
To show his Children, what true art is.

When man becomes Musician
Of eternal gaze expression
The King of harmony, his ringing
Will fill all space with play and singing.

VERY SOON

England, for your Shakespeare, Milton—
France, for your Lemartin, Hugo
Germany, my Schiller, Goethe
And Teuton blood within my frame?

America! come teach us all,
Stand sample in your freedom call.
The choisest seed, that hold'st within,
The Truth, that makes all Races Kin.

No German, Frenchman, Englishman
No further striving be it than,
But as I said America,
Your Love leads on,—and no more war.

THE ECHO TO ABOVE!

What is the Truth?
Unless you live,
That you might give

For all its use.
What is this Love
Unless you prove
Than God will choose
His servants thus.

THE RIDER

Eyes immortal giving light,
Life the porter offering might
Love all over healing thus
Art beholder brightening up.
Sense the border breaking hence
Whence my older framing ends
Last my holder riding vast
Passed this mortal breathing Love.

BEHIND THE WALLS

My birds, my trees, have gone to rest;
Thusingly with heavy breast
I am left here alone.
Safe books of choicest friends esteemed,
And visitors Divine I dreamed
This snowy wintry night at home.

A deathly silence every where,
A shivery cold beyond compare,
And winds paced crying by.
He could not play with leaves of Fall
All covered up in softly snow,
Awaiting patiently the day.

Instead took pleasure and delight
With paper to and fro he played
A stranger note hear.
Till all at once neath heavy feet
Of passers-by in quickness speed
A painful cry again rung near.

Of frost he cried and human feet
Those many flakes of snowy seed
Neath all this changing game
Again the wind blew to and fro
Perceived these beauty lines of snow
And pictured white and bright and fine.

O passe long by, O! lovely all!
Passe by, passe by, O friends of God
And all that biding brings.
Your bedding down to cover earth,
I begging up, to seek my birth,
Ah, wait, wait until the spring.

The tiny oven near me stood
Though small it heated all and would
Example lend to give.
His warm breath to fill my frame
Straight upward ever like his flame
My prayer, O Goodness all, receive!

THE RETURN

Goodby then all you City-folks,
Here parts my way, back to the woods,
Where is my song so dearly kept
This where I first my Love have met
  And running like a child so wild
To find my favorite spot, where mild
The giant trees looked down to hark
Sometimes my voice, or flute at times,
To applaud me, when all this fine.
  At last arrived, Ah me, I'm here
Of joy, of laughter my trees so near.
  I could not help embrace them all
You at least, did understand.
Though silent listened, where,
My beating pulse with strength
Brought forth a thundering song.—
Re-echoed sweet in distant long.
  I stopped and looked around
No human frame to see
Save only you, my giant tree,
Smilingly he left his head, bowed down
And said, I am glad I've found
You have improved since last.—
This flattered me
But still, you see
Far more than ordinary human beings.
Thine age all proves this well, your feeling
Every day God's Love reflected deep.
To all that breath, that moves and feed
Of temporal Ideas, his word

And drinks in nature's bosom handiwork
To all that breathes, that moves and feed
Now for this melody I have preserved
For your returning hark,—and play your flute.
Now listen, swelling, moving, imitating
This art so rare, of wooing Love,
Melodious refrain.
This holy impulse fair
O wished, I had them here
All hearers on the earth
Lo, only this but one,
Strange, very strange to human ear.
Surprised the trees, amazed and spook
All their own Love to him, and bowed.
All in a moment silence
All seemed to cease
Even up on the highest trees.
Leaflets, nor dared to move
All creature termined like in a call.
No noise, no sound around.
This dearest of all places
Here where I found my bride
In awe, took off my hat
And wooed alone.
I heard majestic voice
Behold your price.

POETRY

What is she?
Daughter of Divinity
Beauty only reality
Aye, who is striving her to imitate?
Nay, not this.
In lowly thought
She is not wrought.

Who is she?
A light for you and me,
Waiting there on mountain's feet.
My! How great her Love is brought to imitate
Shine on, shine!
My unalterable me!

Why is she?
Because in guiding, we
Soon behold her greater light.
See her now, embracing
Science of the Christ
On yonder mountain top?
Ah me, Ah me!

A SONG

O sing, ye people!
Aye, proclaim
The goodness on this earth
How beautiful this Love
We name
But wholeness in his birth.
Long, long our dream kept on
Now dimly we perceive
Christ utter words
Thrilled into one
Ne'er failing wakening out
Of this pretending,
Eyes open ending
The earthly nightmare.
We breathe now all,
And gladly fly ,
Unto the sky.
And here on shore
We often sought before
Our earth has touched
Through rolling, watched
On opening, in front of stately gates
Rolled on and on, and into it.
No wonder, only speechless words
No ponder, only music without sounds,
No other, only God, in all
Ah me! no further
Less I move too soon
This pictured heavenliest bloom Awake!
O shout with might!
Till all is light.

RING OUT

Ring out!
O! thou my heart
Ring out!
A happy madness craves within my breast.
Drowned, yea drowned
And yet I live.
Now even stronger, stranger forcefully.
O thou! Ring out my heart
Ring out!

In vain,
It cannot cease
Its strain.
My Love's sweet secret
Beat through No man's land.
A Cry of joy,
Ah! No man's land,
Around on beams of light
Clad in Life's mystery.
And space of bottomless Handjoins.

What peace,
In silence thus,
What ease!
I feared to loose at first
Drowned in Love how safe
A hushing voice,
O thou! My God!
My heart it will not cease,
(Nor ever shall,
Now be at ease.)
Ring on.

THE LIBRARY

And I saw her every morn
Beautiful clad
Aye, she wore a gown,
Or better 'twas a vest,
Of sky blue color.
Most chosen well expressed
Immensity of blue
Beyond our mind to grasp.
Where as a crimson smile played round her lips.

This a Library, albeit.
Master words it had
Studied deeply, aid
In cause of living best.
And time again
My bluest lady fair
Serenely still passed by
And felt her goldlike Hair
Ah! here a curlsome smile meekly awhile.

Loveliest sample, purity
Added graceful form.
O! how eager she
Sorted books, between
The Isle in wonder.
And here, now right behind
To trace her charming way
Shut I my eyes, like blind
But just to see a wave like smile,
Floating awhile.

Only for your smile, forgive
This no earthly power
After I will miss.
Nightly, in a flower
Alone, appeared,
Saw I thee slyly Kiss,
Much like your vest was dressed
Whereas a smile divine
Brought endless bliss.

THE KINGDOM ANIMALS

What spell is in the air?
  This morn, this win'try morn
    His days I say,
    His eyes I say,
Are soon and sooner gone.

I heard the sparrows shout,
  This morn, this passing morn.
    Be wise they cried
    Arise they cried
These drifting days have gone.

And passing through the street,
  This morn, this towering morn
    A splendid day
    Within my lay
Where'er my eyes did roam.

Swelled, heaved my breast to see
  This morn, this sunny morn
    Two horses nice
    Speaking with eyes
Leaning their heads, 'gainst me.

Each other's neck profound,
  As would they say this morn,
    This lovely, morn,
    Because its warm.
And spring entranced adorned.

His messengers appointed
In Kindom's animals
Fara, Fara
Shout as you nay
And so I did this, else

I would miss, Spring balms
Or fail to rise this morn
And passerby
I hummed rondelay
With me in one, this dawn.

THE OAK AND THE IVY

Majestic clad in strength and splendor,
Alone amid encircling woods,
One oak so tall like a defender
Of lasting prove in ages stood.
But Lo-an Ivy down her feet
Lifted her head and said so meek,
Could I O graceful Oak still add to thy appearance,
What would Man say to see thee thus in pleasure
And I would from thy bow, see far the world
And tiny creature below.
This flattery well,
The Oak agreed,
And quick around the body speed
The Ivy, full of innocence,
She knew not whither to go hence.
Nor would she say
It was to a lie
Until too late.

The Ivy eat
The Oak, her bread
And breath, she took away.
Her leaves all flew astray.
O God! Who hast all things made right
My strength, my beauty, and yet sore afraid?
Ah! creeping lie!
Why did I hark thy voice?
Woe unto me
Just as of old

Before the earth began
Man listened to they lie.

But never am I lost,
For only this a dream
Awakening soon my being.—
Naked and in shame
Alone I stand amid the woods,
No strength, no splendor!
But only Ivy seen as my defender.
Thus I await a storm,
Yea, a storm so strong and lightning.
And Lo, my body with your lying
Both of us.
Soon it is passed.
A stroke well aimed, a crash, and fire
Good boy O earth
Paid is a liar.—
And yet a hope so sweet,
A yearn within my breast,
A Lesson to you all
To strife eternal rest
To live beyond my fall
When brought up on my feet
Or found and learned which best.
How shall I praise this ball
Of earth, conceived to bless
The Master builder well
Sees his and all
One endless harmony.

THE TOURIST

What is he after, earnest wanderer?
Naught, but in nature's loving bosom,
Touring, walking, seeking, finding,
Playing, singing and adoring
Shine of beauty, never mourning
  Lovely views before the eyes.
Music, never ceasing laughing,
Going, wondering all his life
Sweetest strains ring in the ears
Children of the Allknown, heirs
Like birds, fully to partake
Freedom through all yours.
Great indeed this joy of making
After daily playing, waiting
Seeking God's immensity
Though on many roads and countries,
Other seas and different places,
Meeting races, loving stranger
Though in one and all our brothers,
Clasping hands, smiling eyes
Love and Truth glowed alike
Sons eternally endowed
Human chains in loving bowed.

CATERPILLER AND BUTTERFLY

Caterpillar Wormly, venomous ugly clad
None of celestial beauty do I own
Man dislikes me
Birds beat me
Trees downshake me
And nowhere is my home.
Vanity, purpose, falsehood, clay,
Creeping, seeking, eating.
Though the nature full to enjoy
Waiting time unfolding.
  Could I only sing to gladden every heart,
Would I only own, colors, flowers art,
Or fly like birds beneath the sky and laugh.
Yet in all my ugliness
Something the Creator has left
Hope, sweet hope, persistent desire,
This even I will aspire
This only, which is left, I see
Beginning clearly future me.
A thread to me was given
That I may weave with it my coffin
And death invited me to lie
My body in it, possession died.
Butterfly
Who told you it was ever thus,
Heavenly rainbow colors clad,
    Children play me
    Birds begreat me
    Worlds rejoice me
All the seeing, feeling in my bosom

Nectar, honey, inviting flower blossoms
Playing, smiling, waiting
For more beauty in display
Time adoring, say!
High I measured space, my wings
Soaring higher, gliding dawn, sings
Every one, and Love's regladding,
Sunshine alone my all.

The light of what I own, I give to Man, that he might see and live
How in a short, all can be changed
An ugly worm, now like a saint of the immortal, whence subject to obedience
To love, and plea, work soon seems a play.
The tread, the hope, revealer
Of more splendor, faithful seeker
In the old garden of Life's harboring
Truth the planter, Man the reaper
Eternal Mind, Man, his mirror.

ARISE

Arise! Brethren arise!
Awake from thine pride
Stilling your longings in Christ
Filling all emptiness wise
  Harmonious Eyes of Life.

Arise! Sisters, arise!
Of loving simple eyes
Leading inferior march to heights
Whence peace eternal reigns
  Melodious singing of praise

Arise! Beloved, arise!
The days of recoming lies
Always within you, deceit!
Dwellers in Truth, Love and Light
  Triumphant ringing Life.

COLUMBUS' DREAM

Serene and still with confidence,
A sailing vessel one of old
Spaced through the sea depths immense
Toward a land of purer gold.

The seeker on this ship gazed far,
To find this land of promised dreams
Discouragement seemed well to bar
His hope and love to all his means.

The comrades saw him on the bridge,
Looking up, they did not understand,
Only to listen afterwards his speech.
Keep thou on, he said, God is our hand.

This restless waiting day and night,
Soon was rewarded from above
When on one night one shipmate cried
Look brethren, land it shows.

And everyone went on their knee
Patient and Love, then found its crown
To day, our land of liberty
To them it were a babe just born.

The striking hours soon marked the time,
No more a babe it is to-day
Grown up, and fed on thoughts divine
And many a battle it had to pay.

Lincoln, Washington there was and Penn,
And many other words wrote well,
Distinct the lives of Independence
To-day, our President can tell.

Someone has said that our coin,
Is spent too much on idleness
This now decidely proves void
When time knocks hard, we do our best.

In God we Trust the coin responds
Like yonder stars on horizon
For better love and more resource
We answer for our liberty with bonds.

To thee, O splendor youth the call
Did'st never real good, still,
Here is your chance, here is your pull,
Quick let your heart respond I will.

Would'st have us all admire your fight,
Columbus' dream will then come true
To have on earth eternal light
Of happiness and joy for you.

For you to see your work well done
For us of peace and joy some more
One president, who voices then
Our God and only Emperor.

THE MEETING

A day was full soon completed
Hour after hour spend to feed with
Grows of this earth unlimited.

An evening of deep reflection,
Improved wherever the detection
Thus thought a youth, ideals selection.

Ne'er satisfied was he, his progress
Failed after here, and there not less
Who was the fault? perhaps I guess?

He sought his master infinite
Alone, safe nature he was with
The meeting opened, God and his.

O, starry heavens, calmness night
I crave your light, my only bride
Pray learn me, teach me, thy delight.

And here the greatest teacher spoke
If you ask me my child real loud
Sincere, and prove, in love bestowed.

Would day by day I grant thee all
To day much wa'st of fault behold,
Here one, there two, now act be bold.

You stand with feet of Truth upon
Take steps, short hour lost, have gone
Another step to come, beg on.

Here take my hand, my word, now look
In work and play of day you would
Become at last my heir in good.

A GARDEN

Behold, the earthly gardens
Lo—what trees and fruits thereto
But time in every season
To cultivate to free the weeds
Uncleanness, all that which seeks
To hinder progress of its trees.
This done now for the pious fruits.
My unnumberable of its art
Of berries in meekness full
Until of larger sort, each in his part.
O trees shake well your heads,
Take heed and blow with speed
In all the winds their mortal weed.
That you might give in plenty
The harvester, and take your empty
Midst greater, better garden still.
For it well pleased, he sees you cheers
Transplants thee, bearing fruit of Love.

ROSES

Who, in thy ever loving smile
Made thee, my rose? What breath
Of beauty and color, the while
You try to conquer every heart.
No doubt, you're Queen of all they art.

Who, in thy ever fragrant head
Thought thee so wonderful triumphing?
Nor can I ever pay thee back,
Thou bringer of Life musing
My choicest friend, harmonious singing.

In all her loveliness desiring to break
Her from the stem and pressed
With tender passion to awake
Kissing this love divinely blessed,
But, "Oh! a thorn," with pain I cried.

OBSTACLES

Before the mighty, thundering sea
Beside colossal mountains,
Behind our foes crying to break
And separate our faith in thee,
Thou all inclusive thee.
A voice so still and low,
Yet well for all to hear
Keep on, hope on, press on
And greater grows thy ear
In understanding
And show no fear
Their eyes beholding
Thine immortal everywhere,
A stormy night of chaos breaking,
Returning, whence their origin
Immortal Mind
To shape a new making
Yet stranger, grander
And obedient to his will,
Keep on, hope on, press on.
A night of crying
Yet be still.
For soon we find ourselves,
Carried forth divinely self
In hands through ethereal heights
There stilled, on bosom full of Life, our crying
And Love knew no more dying
Forgotten where discords before
Keep on, hope on, press on.

A SWEET FACE

A sweet face this was,
One afternoon, through country beautiful
On train, no time was lost
Adoring memory, yet shy,
A lady sweet and fair,
I could not gaze elsewhere
But eager longed and breathed
Her loveliness so close by.

She sat before me
All the way, beside a friend, she spoke
As if I understood,
And watched her sweet, cute lips
Of words, a gentle mouth
Refined, charming manners
Yet meekly full of love
In quality divine this was.

I tried my book,
Awhile this well, beginning to forget
But my! I never felt this look
Before, and burning cheeks.
I could not read a line,
Nor understand the same.
But love beat closely by
Within an arm's-wide reach.

O glorious present!
The book no longer seemed to hold
My eyes upon it, "Lend
Me a look," I pleading would.

No answer, no, how low I felt.
Never I cared, but this
Seemed stronger, ever yearning
Crept in, yet all amiss.

Beholding her so nigh,
Never attainable, this beauty
A memory, a dream might
Strengthen love in me.
For Love alone expressed
In countless ideas to bless
Be it flowers various,
Or a sweet Lady fair.

If I would win her,
Take consequence to lose, and break
Would bind and hinder,
No, alone this fancy
I played upon, like strain
On harp brought forth.
A musing changing ever
No loss, but only gain.

A station soon approached,
Her friend bid her good-by, and kissed
Her, of friendliness full:
Two loving, tender maidens
O! for this kiss so dear,
Pressed two little mouths
And sparkling teeth, like pearls
Perfect in beauty's presence.

My heart beat fast,
She waved her hand toward her friend,
And looked around at last
Met my eyes, a deeply sight
Both felt alike, this moment
Alonging, begging light
Shone in her deep blue eyes
Smiled me good-by.

CORRECTION

O! for these arguments
That there must be
On one side, the senses,
On the other, eternity.
How real to the flesh
Yet the lie of itself
If pleasure in lust
A life long to fail
Thou ask the tenfold return.
  Depart, rotten lie
  God never made you
  Nor has endowed you
  With power to please
  And here error ceased.
A calm quickening breath,
A singing of voices,
A laughter rejoicing,
A heavenly kiss.
  Awaking profoundly
  Arise to more bounty
  To strive for one will

In love and to fill
With truth empty places.
Fulfilling the pages
Thou light of the ages
Our Guardian still
Our heaven within
And all children kin.

O, what comparison
The flesh, or would believe
Of life in matter?
This mortal dream
Of few days—no—better,
Thy likeness, unchanging, goodness all
And life forever.
Well dost thou give thy children
Of gift unsought, unknown
If true to thy command.
Thou give'st them greater even
A load of joy of peace
Yea, even without end,
And singing never ceased.
And back I looked the way
That gone before,
Obeying thy voice of truth,
If only just one instant
Behold, a thousandfold return
So unlike senses, human self
That seeks naught else
But to destroy and die, it serves.

Yea, clear now is this way
Though error claims are nigh
If proven in thy love
It nothingness, left for decay
With surer steps
Thou then art blessed
A millionfold rewarded.

O peaceful night, commingling joy
My heart cries loud, cries loud to thee
And far and far away I hear
An answer sweet and flowing near
Of love in love, now thou shalt live
This is my law, a life to give, to give,
Shalt never lose it, your place always
Reserved, with all my children's coming days

Though earth thee no more binds
Thy good to heights it claims
As all perfected think
It grows, to heaven swings
Whence all the shadows flee
Beholding over me.

THE DAY

1. Ah, heavenly bliss—peace, joy, peace.
2. I look upon thy face—Love, Life, Love.
3. No mortal picture—Truth, Truth, Truth.
4. Far from the earth—No storm, nor decay.
5. And mortal strife—ceased, ceased, ceased.
6. Eternal present son—Christ unclouded.
7. Glorious rapture—One perfect whole.
8. And our everselves—We children.
9. I heard a noise—Canaan, laughter, crying.
10. Purification—giving up.
11. Mortality—knowing thee.
12. Understanding—obeying.
13. Dried those tears—in prayers.
14. Healed and loved—the new earth.
15. Ah Gladsome noise—Songs of harmony.
16. One human chain—Truth, God's words.
17. Always unchanging—Spirit, all one mind.
18. Believing those tidings—O tried earth.
19. Of Mother call—Arise, rejoice.
20. Long have you slept—In mortal frames.
21. Cry aloud with joy—Give thanks anew.
22. Pause, watch, here—Lo-me-here.
23. Love, work, Love—Play, pray, Play.
24. Pray, wait, pray—Day, awake, awake!

THE IMAGE OF THE MAN

Clasping the hands of parting day
Stood sister of the night in splendor
To share her beauty of its day
Perfected night, this day would render.

A slowly wanderer of far
Surpassed the test of chaos ages
Together with friend evening star
Rejoicing, strollig through the spaces.

The evening star, our love of token
A guide of old to three wise men
Your truth and light always unbroken
A glorious hope, the coming dawn.

Thou wanderer of shining gold
A million greetings us to give
God's presence always to unfold,
This new love again to live.

To thee all-knowing, seeing man,
Seeked ear, pierced eye to question
What melodies, what triumph of tune,
We hear each day, approached in distance.

Thus waiting patiently a sign
Till lo, at once your answer spoke,
Bit by bit could I discern,
Adorable face and curls in shadows.

A sweet and tender little face
Looked sadly down upon the earth
With eyes so mildly to embrace
(My frame felt new in its birth).

Again to-night, O moon so mild
Proclaims this message, aye of him
Who does not be, like yonder child
Shall in no way there enter in.

Once more looked I to bid good night,
This child of heaven from my room
A cross beholding to my eye
Through windowscreen up in the moon.

Ah! Screen of seeking, mortal self
This cross appeals to you so real
Wert thou to take away this fence
A clearer way, more Life to feel.

A MEASURE

How can I measure?
Where can I measure?
When can I measure?
This love of whom
All life gives forth
Its wane of birth.
Thee will I measure!
Here will I measure!
Now will I measure!
Thine likeness all
Reflected, all that is
Thy goodness verily
Only to measure
Seeking to measure,
Finding to measure
O God! this worth
Tell me thy thought
That I give forth?
How to measure,
Where to measure
When to measure.

THE MILLSTREAM

Love of all Love bids me to write,
Write, watch, obey, and I dictate
Because thou hast confessed thyself
To love but me alone,
  Not thine ownself.
Then hear, that all shall hear,
    Shall understand
Of riches crowned in loving me
My hand shall always guide
    That you might see
Perfection in each way
Perfection always be
At present rest content
  Love, pray, watch, play
    And lend a hand
The day is nearly spent
When all things shall be changed
Changed in a word,
For I am thy Lord.
I leave thee now still amid
The millstream of this side.
A millstream racing down the track
Your purpose, aim to drive
The mill below
To share your earthly service
And then flow
Toward the ocean of all Life
Whence every drop becomes my own.

I see you now, a single drop,
Which from the side has broken,
I see you flow with others, o'er the top
And love is bearing you,
Right to my ocean,
You laugh, you play, you sing
Down all your way rejoicing.

What rapture, promises undreamed
O! God I give myself in thee
Profoundest Love of Lovers
I hear thy words,
I cannot but obey
Would never dare to drop
Aside again
Of idleness in drops on riverside
Whence all the seeking animals
Would drink me off with pride.

The way seemed long
And weary in beginning,
Big rocks and stones
Down the fall went crying
Fearful I often
South soon the ending
Nay carried forth
Securely safe each time.
No stone, no rocks or falling
More to hinder
The millstream has become
A great big river
With ease and peace

Traced slowly down to ocean
Close to thy bosom
Ah! Love of all Love
I can already see myself
Close near thee thus
Eager listened to thy words
Of sweet devotion.

THE NEW TREE

O God! How great thou art!
Thy Love, thy truth, thy life
What beauty it imparts
That still all mortal strife
Ne'er did I comprehend
That some of chosen few
Would give their all and knew
The fruit without beginning
without end.

And I, the new man
Awaking, saw thy light
This love which shone so bright
And always nigh,
Corrupted as I were,
No more to go astray,
My hands I lay in thine
And follow thee
My Christ, My mind
My only living vine.

INFINITUM

At early dawn one morning I once stood
To view the graceful nature as it would
Unfold each hour of the coming day
Bidding us men to work and play
In the great ocean of infinite mind.

There was man busy with machinery
And untold devices for humanity
Ever to create, to build and find anew
The perfect life only where found by few
In the great ocean of infinite Love.

God gave humanity dominion over all
Including earth and body to control
To grow in grace and happiness so strong
Enabling man to sift the right from wrong
In the great ocean of infinite truth.

TRINITY

Thou shaper of Infinity
In countless ideas thy trinity
Of love, truth and life eternally
Surrounds us all, we sing to thee
We sing to thee.

Thou creator of all reality,
Expressed in beauty, thy divinity,
We seek and learn each day sincerely,
Embraced in all our Love to thee
Our Love to thee.

Thou maker of all thoughts to be
Thou Christ of Spirituality
In thee alone is immortality
O hark our voice, we pray to thee
We pray to thee

A PRAYER

This, O God, my high behest
Every effort, every breath
Let this be my very best
Only then will I have rest
Glad to see all people blest.

TIME

The open sphere before me stood
Unfolded beauty, loveliness and would
Reflected day by day, tell me of progress
Persistent struck the earthly clock
And beat on fast, who deemed her stop
In her high ideals, who dared to block
Her onward race,
    Or, toward perfection,
    In her willing space.

Give to her heart's desire
Lend her your strength
To build her choicest of empires,
And time beats on
    Beginning with year one
    The Christ well marked the way
    Approached soon in his day
    Perfection on the earth
    Perfection in our new birth
    And Time beat on,
Soon all united in one song
And God beheld?
Ay, his work!

NATURE'S SYMPHONY DAY

Termined with morning duty,
The rest of day well spent
Alone in Nature's bounty
Thou art now mine
O happy moment,
No walls could bid me to remain
Of sun so bright
And sky so mild
To see me Love thus invited,
This Love so different as you know
Perhaps O no, you found it too
Of God's thought all in thine.

In time of colors
And melodies divine
In busy bees, and others
In Man and all his reign.
What perfect order
Who can doubt
Thy ever-present Lord?
Hasting I fled the house
Laughed with joy and breathed the air
Full of Life, full of voice
Filled all scenery the earth.
Lonesome walks amid the woods,
Dearly tread on thy soft ground,
Friends many, in sweet solitude
To seek thy spell, thy breath, entreat
In nature's secrecy.
Or lovers through this lane embraced
Fragrance of plants and trees or birds

Built high their nest to hide upon
The treetops, and sweetly songs rejoiced our hearts,
O love, which all in all I deeply drink
Soon led me and revealed a different link
On yonder hilltops clear
I gazed its beauty everywhere.
And lo, around, what richly feast
Of blackberries sweet
Choicest and plenty
Ask I for the price,
Naught, naught, said the miser
But if thou well playest
Give us the some times
The bees and the ants
And Tainilie Butterfly
Some fluting of the Manday
Or Wagner or Beethoven,—
To finish up this day
In melodies would pay
For meals to take so freely
In the open.

To this well I agreed
And soon my flute
No more so mute
Began to show some speed
And melodies in harmony
Danced, flowed around and fled
Low, far away and ceased.
The bees and cricket tried
Amazed from fluting tunes
The human spell to mistake,

In music lore—
At noon, an earthly flower
And you my dearest trees not less
Understandingly would guess
This strain of symphonies
Bowed gracefully their heads
In whispering low to me
Well paid is now your meal.

A butterfly delighted
Descended right before my eye
"What a nice day," she sighed
Drinking deep the sweetest honey
To think, and all this without money,
O no! the flowers said, just wait
Show me your colors beautiful
Then this your meal is paid
Obeyed, she opened spreading wings
Up and down.
O my! how pretty to discern
How lovely chosen, well expressed
Your charming garment, colors best
Beholding wondrous little beauty
Slowly I raised my arm near her
And lo, she read and showed no fear
Descended on my hand thus musingly.
How strange, how glad I felt to see
This tiny object, yet in her
I felt this love for all the more
And mine the same and both we bring
The creator of us all, our prayer up to him.

And then she fled—
An opening next I reached
Another hilltop clear
Looking around viewing afar
As far as eye could reach
A splendid view, between saw
Fields richly covered crops
I heard the farmers' children down below
Of happiness all cried aloud
The mother busy, eager helped
To gather fruit in fields
And then she kissed her little child
Who waved her tiny hand toward
Her daddy, and he answered mild.
The sun methinks went slowly,
Passed away on yonder hill;
Only the reflected beauty left me
On this spot, dreaming left me still
Till at once, summoned aroused
I homeward made my way.
Homeward? O what a lie
No, thou art my home, my house
O all the earth, O all you who
Would sing with me
Of goodness all, eternally.

NIGHT

And eventide approached
But memory impressed
This perfect day, recalled
My dormant muse.
Left house behind
With you enchained
My sister night.
I have to picture yet
Your other half
Like on canvas
Yet unfinished
    Of starlight wide
    Clear and bright
And love that filled the distance
Undisturbed of fretting, talking
Soon in peace that found'st me walking
Midst thy glorious nightly light
Ah, ye hear, ye hear, ye hear
Katy-dids, and everywhere
The visitors of night.
Until all one flowing tune
Of joyful triumph concert of man,
And well he led his band
A master in himself, with steady hand
Directed all, directed, and then hide
Behind the trees
And pictured forth in them
The strangest fantasies
An eagle here, two wings, two branches
Would bid inviting me,

"Come beneath me.
Come beneath me."
Aside of different brushes
A chasing rider, horsebacking
Fled with the night wind
And farther on, a mother with her child
Embracing her tenderly, mild
And startled looking to the left
Three men in garments long, in haste
One pointed far aside
Like gladsome news, of a coming bride,
Till lo, a stronger note
Rang in my ear
"Come ye here
Come ye here."
Finding at last this plushing note
A pond with lillies filled
A quiet resort
The moon gazed into it.
Confused of beauty
Much like Elysian, nay
Far better yet, thus why
So new, lovely, utterly.

Long did I lie in tender arms
Caressed of kisses, which not harm
Breathed I the beauty of the night,
Till all at once a murmuring low
Nearby, it seemed much like an echo.
"Drink ye me
Drink ye me."
Startled me up, to find and see

A spring, a source of water pure
Ah! how I stilled my thirst on shore
On nightly seeking dawning love
My lips were burning hot
Drank water pure and cold
Like ice run through my body
And cooled, refreshed, Ah me!
I lay then in the grass,
The dew comfort my burning cheek
And looked and piercing thus
As far as eye could see
As long as mortal mind could grasp
The heaven starry flashing
On the immortal sea
It seemed all unending,
Only time,
Would call, would wake
Me up again.
Refreshed, recalled, aroused
To different wonders
Breathed I the sweet fragrance of pines
Close by, and aye
Three weeping willow trees,
Beyond this pond of peace.
Her branches, weeping, weeping
Approached and asked the cause
Of her sorrowful adoring look
Said she, "I will reveal you all
My crying, if you kindly would
Sit in my branches and lean your head
Warm on my heart, lest you might fall,
Embrace me well

Now I will tell.—
A long time since my weeping
The birds took a disliking
And built no more their nests
That I might hold and bless
Their happiness in my arms.
Days and nights I kept on crying
The only answer, they would bring
'To build our nest, your leaves too small
To hide our children from the foe.'
Since then I kept on still,
One bird calls me the weeper will
Thine tears I cannot quell.—
Thus love, my heart cried out
Till man sought me about
And clipped my hair
Now I am his share
In baskets holding fruits and nice
Things for his children to enjoy
And what is more, he thinks me beautiful
Thus I kept still on weeping
This time of joy, and both we bring
You with your joy of weeping
I with a song of heavenly bliss"
And in her arms I fell asleep
And dreamed, that me an angel kissed.

MIDNIGHT

Long after I awoke,
A startling noise
My faithful dog
Had traced my way
Poor fellow, lonely he indeed,
Now glad, was begging me
Come down out of
This weeping willow tree.
The moon had disappeared
O my! for deep into the night
Beholding yet amazed
A skylight, stars so bright
And what I saw then next
This which me most preplexed
Traced I a comet's way
Of grandeur, light display
And wondrous thus I stood
Whence does he stop
Whence does he go?
In peace I found reply
Of all the things that is would he
Take care, infinite mind, our God
Secured our way at home,
I and my dog.

HAPPINESS

Happy is the man, who above all else
Seeks God, Truth, and Love, not self
Immortal Life, his only reality
Of fruit so rare, eternally
And ways untrodden will reveal
His mouth will be a new tongue
For he already is God's son.

ABRASONS

Abraham alone one day
Midst people seeking, disobey
And worship false Gods of their heart
Awaking, Abraham summoned Lot
And showed him all its wrong.
"Let us get hence and separate
And love our only God, before too late
In truth eternal, seeds, the Christ
Our share well to preserve, of lies
To see its utter nothingness
The short endurance in the flesh
And you will see our fruit of generations
God's children, ever thus, ne'er dying
Onward the way, hand in hand
Toward their ideals, happy band
Sought and found, lastly their land
Of choicest food and raiment
We thank thee, father, for thine kind."
Abraham thus spoke, but Lot
Falsely believing matter the latt,
"No arguing," said Abraham
In gentle reproach
"As you like it, take either, but watch
Remember well thy fathers of old,
Their lessons so bitter, in worshipping gold."
And Lot took his,
Apparently flourished
Harvesting, majestic beauty stood
To earthly gardens, reaping its fruit
There Abraham he saw,
And was well pleased

"But lo, with Lot so close to weeds
I have to separate them all, take heed
Thy brother yet be saved, now flee
Till this all over, obey my voice,
That you may stay Israel my choice."
    A glowing night, at birth and death
    Passed o'er this falsehood's earth
Once more appeared the Christ,
    A fuller vision,
Of lasting life and Love, his mission
Abiding peace and joy divine
And ever thus our Christian time
Has only now started to reign.
And ever thus united, not for self
But perfect children of the whole
Beginning to appear, to purify them all
The Abrasons of perfect praise
Eternally like rocks midst wars and cries
Shine in all ages stronger ever.
Columbus tasted well this never
Failing Love tremendous whole
Of Washington the same and all
The truth of Abraham Lincoln us adorns.
Its turn a woman holding high
A lamp equally sexes nay
Equalling all, a country beautiful
Where Abrasons shake hands to-day
Awaiting patiently the new cry
Of peace on earth, in understanding.

THE HEALING RAY

Lone I was seeking day and night
Upon the ocean distant land
In Nature's loving arms I might
Still all my longings, yet my heart
Of loneliness, emptiness it cried
Nor women gracefully my bride
With greater effort seeking far
Again on different roads I tried
A purer longing there I found
In children smiling, singing are
Like angels' innocence divine.
Stilled here my aching pulse
Onward I went on different shores
Met perfect man, of choicest band
Helpers, workers, players, not for self
But for the tired seekers down below
    And hand clasp hand
    And eye sought eye
    And heart felt heart.
Ah! me! I understand
And filled was soon my frame
    O Love! How great thou art
Trembled, shook forcefully
Dropped away, caressed and kissed
God's all in all, the earthly shrine
Praised ever, singing thy immortal name
And then the source was reached,
Infinite Love, the starting point
The Christ within, of God's anoint.

THE SCHOOL OF THE MASTERS

The nightwinds of Love in Life
Are blowing my way tonight
And whispering in my ear
Distinctly I can hear
Of lovers passed away
It seemed all like yesterday
    Schiller told me my faults,
    Longfellow looked them o'er
    Shakespeare next placed the words
    Said he used much more power
    And concentrate thy mind
    To the extreme
    In only this you'll find
        Immortal being.
Entranced my way to kings of colors
No doubt, the masters all were here
There Raphael stood, something unfinished
A woman beautiful, a child of loveliness rare
    Noost he in satisfaction, this proved
    My love for it.
His rivals all around him
Hasted, tried, and produced
But all his mark there never reached
    Perhaps a little later
And I left them with knowledge greater
Next the triumph of harmony passed over
With ease I struck the notes lower,
But yet not satisfied, for Mozart
Soon stopped my hands, and art
In strains perfected soon unfolded

There Wagner came and told me
All this old!
Create something new
And more feeling!
Beethoven then lastly said, this good
Till swelled in balming melodies
Where flowing
Refreshed amid the hearers
And in growing
More refinely touched
In hearts of beating Love
Very fast in dreaming
And ways untrod, were showing
His work well done
And well rewarded.

THE GOLDEN SEAL

Draws nigh,—
Unfolding, tender bliss
A breath that holds within
The secrets of a kiss
Of love
In child
Sublime
In God
Of Purity
A man
The Masterpiece
Is wrought.
Draws high,—
A flower full in zeal
Encircling warmth of heart
Was kissed with golden seal.

THE FACE

Show me the face
Of child
Of Maid
Of Man
Lowly or bright
In strength
In love
In life
Seek I my like
With each
With truth
With thought
See in them eyes
My own
My friend
My bloom,
Life giving light
Thou God
Thou Christ
Thou All
Show me my face!

A GAIN

A gain in what?
Of greatness?
Applause?
Worldly gain?
Or be it thy love
Which like the sun of light
Unceased
Then not in vain
A gain in gaining what?
Pray, all this not hard to tell
Alone the sooner.....
All that best,
Reflected
The eternal
Love in Christ the gain.

BEWARE

O! Man, who art thou, that thou judge
According to thy senses
    Full of lies itself
Who art thou, that thou bars
    The spreading truth?
Awake from thine own seeking self,
    Lest thou to be devoured
Lost like a single drop
Of water in the desert.
Sooner come, and be in one
Unchanging love toward
The beauty goodness of thine own
    And put on
    This robe of Christ
    The childlike thought
Who art thou, that thou judge
    Your brother's failure?
If you know any better
    Why not help
Him on his way, he might
In time, when you the vision lack
Help you again in turn
    And peace brought back
In understanding, prove your love,
To know the truth, which makes you free
Even as the clouds sometimes
The Sun of light oft hided
Or as the stormy wars on earth
Shakes all the lies, at last destroyed
        So you, in judging others
        Will be tried.

MY PRAYER

What did I seek?
Wealth, power, plenty,
Madly ambition, human will!
There a great spot, a sight, a cry!
O! just in time to find thy way
Unworthy me of such delight,
To taste thy fruits, now that I live
Let me but give, but give
    And strive to do thy will
    Beware me, lest I drop
    Of boasting, yea even that
In talking deceitfully thy word
Of one I rest secured in that
I my weakest points give way
How easy claimed—there evil failed
In mighty garment, that which Christ
Destroyed illusion, O! put it on, be wise!
Be rich, be strong, be one of him
Ne'er did I dream this healing hymn
Of peace and joy in Love and Truth
Yea, even in my flesh and ever thus
To sing eternal immortality.

THE CHANGE

O! God since thou hast given me
And I have tasted from
Thy cup of joyousness, peace commingling
Ne'er understood I words upon
Thy servant's mouth inspired from thee
Bliss, countless bliss, harmonious whole
Indeed as you have said,
    The heaven within
Unfolding daily to thy glory
Than hear the slumbering of a child,
Albeit it dares to speak
But just to praise thee openly
Before the world, that some
Might sing with me, and feel
The fullness of this Love, thy son
Bestowed on all man alike.
A turmoil great at present is
The ending of it all to sense,
All nations pray for victory
All nations claim their love alike
Yet far from it.
Till purified awakened off
The dullness of this mortal mind
Or needs within, in senses blind,
In doctrines, that are human made
Become to naught within thy law
    All nations anxiously await
    All nations meekingly obey
    All nations lovingly they pray
    For peace, for peace, the day
    Was spent, far into the night

Far into many nights,
The war of wars is warring on
The dawn of dawns is dawning on
Of overcoming first within
The war against no more to bring
This bitter cup, will be avoided
If future generations heeded
The law of thy laws, laws of laws,
The laws of senses, loose and loose
Till losing all in victory
Behold, t' seemed all so real!
Naught but a dream
This earthly all.—
Can any power, any force
Can any raging of the wars,
Diminish Man, thy masterpiece?
O! father of us all, it is because
Thou hast prepared a better rule
A better way, a better world
A better life to fit this earth,
And all will learn and understand
The students of the new school
And all will pray, this not in vain
In loving thee, and all in all
To know that we are one by one
Each of thy darlings, choicest child
Or offsprings from infinite source,
Of love and draws us ever nigh
Unboundless beautiful, e'er flowed
This fountain pure we need but be
Aroused through thy own goodness
All and leave all mortal plea

Behind, meanwhile, that we are here
To work and love like hand in hand
Will bring this promised land, far off
No more, but e'er nigh, and thou amidst
Yea, heaven, as we loved accordance
And Life eternal, joy abundance
So drawing nigh, is drawing by
The Love of Love is loving on
The dawns of dawns is dawning on.

THANKSGIVING

Thanks give him,
Who is all life,
Yea, without ceasing
Give him thanks
That you and I
And all combine
A beating wing obedience.

Thanks give him
Our God of Truth,
Of goodness, we
Give him thanks
That all and you
Reflecting knew
His loving guidance verily.

Thanks give him
As long as beats
Our hearts within
To give him thanks
Sons all in one
Our share is done
In Christlike thought, our Father God.

THE FORM

Smite me to the earth
My frame is but the same
The lie about itself,
Smite, O smite, and here I laugh
Bit by bit as long you last
Your utter nothingness
Of all it must be good perhaps
    That I grow strong to help
And see the allness of my God
Yea, evil, soon you days no more
    Alone in goodness on Life's shore
We start anew and safely brought
Across, but who's unwise builder would
Not first give his new ships a trial
So have I been tried
And seemed no good at first
But lo, this patient love
Where'er behind improving laid
A fundamental rare solid
And smiled,—his ships made good
Because it deemed so weak.—
Like a great master
Who would form a bell
To ring throughout the ages
In all land and tell
Of peace, united strength
    In love and truth.
He sees his bell unfinished
Yet all the form around it
All the clay, which holds within

His priceless masterpiece
He sees and says, before you ring
I have to break away this outer form
This mortal clay, that I might bring
You in my house content
Of something done, well worth
And have you all rejoice
The pilgrim far on earth
O Man, my bell, my masterpiece
I see thee here in all your strength
And beauty giving me delight
Yet for this outer form I will begin
And break it loose, but carefully
Lest I injure my priceless bell
And bit by bit I smite the clay
Yea, patiently would bit by bit appear
First dim, next followed pure and clear
A glimmer now, another smite
Another piece of clay away
Fell to the floor, fell to the earth
Slowly unfolded I see this birth
My piece, my priceless masterpiece
With love and truth is brought
Out of the clay is wrought,
My image, my idea, my perfect mind
O! Bell! make a glad noise
Give forth your praise
Toward your master of all life.

SUNDAY MORN

Calmness, stillness everywhere
Heavenly altar, Love's bearer
Impressing godliness found its way
To every heart this a Sunday.

O morn! So beautiful adorn'd
Though daily strife nowhere around
Could I but help to seek thee here?
My blessed walls, free from all care.

This balming loveliness, Sunday morn
A striking bell inviting all
Prayer and song winding the space
To the all-knowing loving grace.

THE CROWN

The toilers watched and prayed
On earthly plains, no one failed
Restless the flying years
Passed by, and fears
Still holds enchained the man
Are all his earthly striving vain
Seeking the crown.

Countless in art thy Love
Of Goodness filled so vast
All breathing atmosphere
Be it ant, bee or more
Never for one moment
This perfect government
Can lack its destiny.

Intelligence without end
Infinite truth to lend
Us understanding that we might
Love him for evermore, this light
Unchanging principle the crown
Of Christ perception, God's alone
Bringing us home.

REFLECTION

The mighty rays
Of morning sun
Far reaching lies
    A new day
    My child awake
    Begin to play
God on heights
Give greetings first
Hears your praise
    Span the fields
    And laughing grass
    Of dew drop yields
Good morning flowers
How pretty clad
Thy lonely bowers
    Made of colors
    Pure and rare
    All my brothers
Hear the song
Love, my birds
Dream of long
    There my doggie
    Slow and steady
    Soon reached me
Deep his eyes
A tender heart
And truthful gaze
    God has to
    Friend of mine
    Drops for you.

Still our thirst
Me and doggie
Drops of birth
God the giver
Good in all
Heard our prayer.

THE PROCESS

Steam, gigantic force, our servant
Drives mighty engines thousand hand
Could not compare thy force within thee
As restless ever, as thy strength might be
Hast wrought this age of iron hands
Machinery a thousandfold to thy command
And thou again from Man instruction loanest
Steam, yea even you the start and end.—
Thinking wondrously, what all this compared?
Whence did it come, whence does it flow?
Intelligence alone, that thought thee out
God's plan to try, to build, hence man his toil
Faithful, fearless, taking orders measure full.—

Again I looked
A dirty filthy basin
Filled with water
Before me stood.
Full of living germs and insects
(Appeared so real, appeared to sense)
Beneath a flame of fire started on
Here, seeming insects, germs, its death where soon
Slowly mounted ever greater burst the flame

Vapors, from the dirty filthy water came
But pure and clean, a perfect drink
Yet like in a kettle water boiled and cried
So the basin emptied, water disappeared
And the germs and insects were no more, but where
An empty vessel now
I have felt, have seen with my own eyes
With my senses, could this all been lies
Yet I saw, vapors pure, mounting in the skies
Into clouds travelling far over many lands
    Dropping into gentle rain
    Down the earth again
    Stilled this longing thirst
    Of life in every plant, for new birth
Marvellously I stood and thought
But what of insects had become?
    There in this pot
Had disappeared—but where?
And found this unexplained
Ah! now I see
I took this empty iron vessel,
    And then laid
It in a furnace
Of great heat
Not very long,—the vessel melted
And shew me liquid iron
A stronger heat as was before
And liquid iron was no more.
Ah! now I understand
The pot seemed real
To senses, very real
And clearly here we see
The lie, which is itself

If this all is the case
Again in bringing heat,
Tremendous heat
And to this heat
A geater heat as even thus
In the middle of this earth,
Would take not long,
Soon nothingness we would behold
Yea, no more birth
Was this perhaps
What we call Christ
When Jesus trod the waves,
And demonstrated thus
The perfect law
The perfect life
In seeing all its nothingness
All that, what senses claims its own
Never to have been, never where at home?
Not very long, and we will understand
Sometimes a ray
Beholding to our eye
A ray of truth
And why are we so afraid?
Because we need be purified
We need be free
And start to cry
As did the dirty filthy water
Suppose we call this burning flame
The love of God.
Suppose each one of us to be
A single drop of dirty water
And needs of service be

To the eternal Master
Would he not have us free
From all the germs and insects?
Now let the vessel be our earth
Sometimes she to be swallowed up
In the eternal Love
In the eternal Mind
Thus small she is in God
Thus small, as if you would
A dot on paper make and say
This must be her
Whereas each single drop
As you and I
Have mounted upon high
While, like the clouds
We travel, throughout all eternity,
And Christ always will lead
Always has been
And now that Science can be clearly seen
We will behold our God
Are we, but minus m....
Yet know we all his love
His burning flame
And like the clouds
Pass into gentle rain
To fill the earthly plants
So will we soon again
Pass into all, to God
Or later on to drop on different worlds
And be of service, ay! his word!

BELLS OF NEW AGE

Bong—bong,
O earth!
Bong—bong,
How bad!
Bong—bong
And sad!
Bong—bong
How scratched!
Bong—bong
And marred!
Bong—bong
Thy face!

Bing—bing,
New age!
Bing—bing,
Glad noise!
Bing—bing,
Of Bells,
Bing—bing,
Give forth,
Bing—bing,
God's love!
Bing—bing,
And truth!

A FLOWER CONTEST

Gentle, mildly tender,
Brought forth the sun its rays
What growing beauty it unfolded
In flowers of great price.

A lily white, a rose
A violet, forgetmenot
Where blooming ided thus
Midst nature in deep woods.

Me first, the lily spoke
Look at my garment white,
And with my scent I rose
To conquer you alike.

No, said the rose, beware
Far prettier I am here!
Best of all flowers art
Of Lovers I am dear!

You do me wrong indeed
Mine is no boast, I long
For Hearts in love, which meek
The violet gave her song.

I have no choice, no will,
Forgetmenot thus spoke,
Blue like the sky to fill
My gratitude to God.

Their argument was heard
By the eternal creator
You foolish things, he said
You argue—soon no more.

Was led by hand a child
In Nature's loving bosom
A child of love, yet wild
To reap all flower blossoms.

The lily there she found,
Adorious and white,
I break and take thee home,
Rejoice my mother's pride.

And all the flowers wept
Our lily has gone away,
The rose, her pride was kept
Approaching soon her day.

A lady sweet, and fair
Sought proof to give her lover,
A rose, she cried, so near!
To him alone, none other.

Again the weeping heard,
One pride has gone away
The violet lonely felt,
How soon will be mine day?

A woman elderly,
To seek the silent wood,
Here found the violet speak
A sign of love to God.

Forgetmenot, alone
She stood, no words but smiled,
Alone for him I am
Gave me my name of Life.

Thus every purpose well,
In season changing bows
Of beauty spells to tell
Each perfect Love it owns.

REPROACH

To my friends, my brethren,
To my helpers—enemies?
Ah! no, how could this be?
Though slowly to agree
With painly striving to convince
Would be a tenfold masterpiece.
To laugh in spite your hate
To glad it is not real.
How could a man
Though wrongly
Brought to death
Speak in his greatest pain
My life is but to bless?
And here I stopped
If he then, part of the infinity
How much the greater
Would then his eternal father be?
Plain, very plain
And yet the consequences?
The opposite of Love
The opposite of All
That in his life—he lived.
To show the nothingness of death
A suffering all to show
For those deep in these opposites
Could hear in time
I only . . .
Myself, yet time, in not eternity
How glad I am, to be now, one of thee!

NATURE AGAIN

Consider all trees various
How can man do otherwise,
But love the perfect way,
Of love in Life.
All things from our breath
All things strive to rest,
All things do their best
Yet in thy mind everything is safe.

Lo, what perfect harmony,
Ay, some change, it must thus be,
And behind the screen?
We ever loving see!
And all passed in a dream,
And man stood there,
In all his glory.
Finished in the clay,
Finished in this day
Of Christ perception.
Slowly breaking off to holy
Living ever, singing ever,
Praising ever, all one endless melody
And speech was never known,
No hiding lie could therein enter
For thought, his thought alone,
Was real, was read
And all things had become our own.

AUTUMN LEAFLETS

(Introduction)

A

To my little lady Leaflet
Tough life of seven springs
A child not less, but sing
Imparts her love to all
A child thou art as yet
But are not we, the children grown up?
Happy us, if we can see
And feel your childish quality
Careless, joyful, happy
You laugh, you play all day
O! why are we bigger children
Of sorrow, pain, dismay?
Give us this lesson, leaflet mine,
Show us, which comes,
    Reflecting the divine—
Little did I think when I
Presented you with leaves
Of colored autumn
How leaped my heart of joy
To hear you bubbling say,
I will give them to Mlle.
To have them pressed
And keep them all the time
Then add to them these lines
  But grant thereafter read
  From Mile. until mother's design

Of Love has grown giving forth
Like leaflets in unfolding weeks
Much beauty, color of its own.

THE LEAFLET

B.

What fragrant airs
Pass through my windowsill?
I stopped, away dropped Fall and mill,
Autumn, thou at last hast come,
This your message
Adorious scent of leaflet
Filling bewildered airy emptiness.
O, how I love you,
Wait, just wait
And let me gather
The prettiest color
For wintry fireside,
    Take me'.
    Pick me!
    Look me!
Which shall it be,
Where to begin?
One perfect here,
More lovelier there,
Of colors beautiful arrayed
Each claimer of its own art,
    Undismayed.—
Pray! who has painted thee so well?
This alone my father tree can tell

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T'was Love, he said
That you might
Enjoy and breathe
This beauty life.
All this,—my children, leaflet
I bring forth each year, till best
Designed garland the earth.
But why, pray thee, tell me?
To open eyes, to have you see
My leaflets, ever in my bosom,
Of loveliness, colors, ne'er dying
Just like your bloom
In care bestowed divine
Express your colors
Love your art
You man, you mighty hand
Of the eternal heart.
O, let me gather
My leaflets, none other
And press them tenderly
So near to me
Profoundest love of nature
To kiss thy children nature
Yea, thou hast come, my messenger
My Atoner
Which are my colors
Fruit this year?
Designer infinite, I have no fear
Since ever I am in thy bosom.

AUTUMN FAREWELL

The days are growing less,
My trees, my love, my best,
Of all my heart in nature's breast
But why all this, O mother mine?
Hast thought me well of thine
Immortal ever love divine.
A spring, as ever coming
    Blooming fresh.
Unfolding into Summer
Of tender wind is wrought the Autumn
And here you are my Autumn
    Speak to me of this
    I love most best
In thee I have found the cause
Of all that is and was
    Joy without measure
    Love without ending
    Songs ne'er dying
Yea, God of all breathing
All children of him
    United reflecting
In answer, his will
    Till lastly
Our nature responds to his calling
Outpouring my love,
Where'er the change
Your bird has thought me this,
And all for nothing
Only a glance of gratitude
    A Heavenly bliss

Silence, deep serene, the silence
Your trees all told me this
No judging, condemning or winning
In waiting received I
    An Angel's kiss.
In listen of voices unheard
And notes of music sublime,
When the winds passed the earth
And played the perfected strain
In loneliness with him alone
Apart from material sense
As Christ in deserts was found
And a woman to-day our defense.
O! speak to me, my Autumn yet awhile
Before we part, before you bid farewell
This glorious afternoon,
    This year my last
I kiss, embrace thee all
    Before I pass.—
Lo, who is this?
Who approaches?
A Woman, or a lass?
(A friend, perhaps, might be,)
Ah, now! a gentle maid, a child
I see in distant marching mild,
Indeed as I have guessed a maid
Shall I flee, shall I hide?
Yea, t'would be best,
    But no, too late, she saw me
Courage—do not leave!
An image pure,
Though did not dare to look

But I felt and passed her by
With downward eye.
Yet methink I heard her breath
And felt her bearing heart
She, too, sought thee, my god
Alone in Autumn love, untold
'Twas too much, no longer
Could I silence hear
Something told me, that she were
The loveliest, best
The purest fair.
Like of majesty, spellbound
I could not help to turn around,
    Beholding her
She too as guessed she mine
Wooing, seeking look, stood there.
Looked back, then motionless divine
No words, but piercing eyes
Like stars beyond the human ken
    Here both we felt alike
    No words but read each other's will
    And all the trees and birds at once
    All felt alike.
    All shouted full of joy
    To the eternal creator.
Commingling blessings pure
Of love within all lands
The silence long at last
Attempting words I tried
But no, impossible this was
A heavy bar, between us laid.
Deep alone, midst deepest woods

Who can prescribe who understand
This perfect love and not a word
Surely this can but be
One of your angel's ministry
I do not dare to touch
Not able am to speak
Yet in her longing eyes
And tender face, so meek
Respond my love for her.
The silence brook, she said, not now
Good bye, this all, good bye, my dear.
Ah me! she goes away, no stay
    Breathed deeply for cry
    And could not, and struck dumb
Only she had disappeared
I uttered heavy words
And thought the earth would open
And take my frame and all
This how I felt this moment
When I was left alone.
And here I stopped and thought
Illusion of the false, of course.
    Strange, very strange,
Again the present past
I cried, and cried aloud
And ask the trees' advice
Here all we wept and wept
Of pining tearing love apart
How cruel after thou
O nature must it be
Because I love her most like thee?
The answer soon rejoiced again

My empty heart, O Autumn mine
I see it all, yea wait and sing
All through the winter, until spring
Till Love has shown you better ways
And would when ripened days
Well worthy, well aware of her
No parting then, beholding fair
    Your bride of choicest brides.
Good bye, adieu, farewell, good bye,
O! Autumn of the splendid day
That thou hast her to me revealed
A face as pure
    I always dreamed
    Her loveliness, never will
    Depart from me, since still
    Her look continually
    Most bidden, and will see
In my innermost delight
And haunts me day and night
Farewell it seemed hard
But only for a while
If it were not thus
All love would be in vain.
And even you my birds
I hear your soaring, talking
Descending all at once
Midst empty trees
And filled like leaves
The naked branches
To rest a little while
Your travel seems a thousand miles
    Yet careless you keep on

It is God's land in all.
Filled me a happy strong desire
To be like you
And fly and measure
All land and sky
Where'er love would aspire.—
Alone, once more alone, that night
The evening star
And countless brethren bright
Ah! Wagner, this I owe to you
The evening star of Tanhauser
Command full poured forth
This favorite with strength, my song
All nature stood in awe
To hark this note inspired.
Good bye, good bye, O Nature mine,
My trees have gone asleep, Divine
The creator covered up
In snowy featherbeds
All nature has gone to sleep
Has gone to rest!

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